O, the Divell take ſuch cozeners, God forgive me,
Good Unkle tell your tale, I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it againe,
We will ſtay your leiſure.
Hot. I have done yfaith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh Priſoners.
Deliver them up without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas* ſonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for divers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted you: my Lord.
Your ſonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creep
Of that ſame noble Prelate, well-belov'd,
The Archbiſhop.
Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Briſtow*, the Lord *Scrope*:
I ſpeak not this in eſtimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and ſet down,
And onely ſtayes but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it: upon my life it will do well.
Nor. Before the game's a foot, thou ſtill let'ſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chuſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Yorke*,
To joyne with *Mortimer*, ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aymde.
Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids us ſpeed,
To ſave our heads, by raiſing of a head:
For, bear our ſelves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think we think our ſelves unſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And ſee already, how it doth begin
To make us ſtrangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does: he does; weele be
Wor. Couſin, fare well. No furthe
Then I by letters ſhall direct your cou
When time is ripe, which will be ſu
Ile ſteal to *Glendower*, and to *Mort*
Where you and *Dowglas*, and our po
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily me
To bear our fortunes in our own ſtron
Which now we hold at much uncerta
Nor. Farewell, good brother, we
Hot. Unkle, adue: O let the hou
Till fields, and blows, and groves, app
Enter a Carrier with a lanter
1 *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be not four
Charles-waine is over the new chimn
packt. What *Oſtler*?
Oſt. Anon, anon.
1 *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts ſa
the point, poore jade is wrung in the
Enter another Car
2 *Car.* Peaſe and beans are as dank
is the next way to give poore jades t
ned upſide down ſince *Robin* Oſtler d
1 *Car.* Poore fellow never joye
roſe, it was the death of him.
2 *Car.* I think this to be the mo
London road for fleas, I am ſtung lik
1 *Car.* Like a Tench? by the M
chriſten could be better bit, then I hav
2 *Car.* Why, you will allow us ne'
leake in your chimney, and your cha
a Loach.
1 *Car.* What *Oſtler*, come away, a
2 *Car.* I have a gammon of Bacon,
to be delivered as farre as *Charing-cr*
1 *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in
ved: what *Oſtler*? a plague on thee,
thy head? canſt not hear? and 'twe

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37